

The Son and the Heir by flippyspoon

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Summary:

The first time. The seventh time. The fifteenth time.

The Son and the Heir

The first time

Billy Hargrove kept flicking paper balls at Steve's head and it was starting to get on his nerves.

It had been three months since the throw-down at the Byers and Steve was pretty sure he and Billy hadn't exchanged a single word.

There were *looks*, long aggressive stares and Steve couldn't make them out. When he was feeling particularly confrontational he'd turn and look straight at Billy, bug-eyed, and mouth: *WHAT?*

Billy never answered the what. He'd just look away.

On the basketball court, it felt weird and then it started feeling normal the way Billy would play so aggressively, all over Steve, a hand suddenly grabbing his hip as he came around to steal, Billy *right* in his face as he passed. But there was none of that shit-talking like there had been before the fight. Just the *looks*.

But now Billy Hargrove was flicking goddamn paper balls at his head in study hall.

The place was completely silent so it was startling when Steve whipped around and shout, "WHAT?"

Billy grinned at him.

"Billy Hargrove's obsessed with you," Nancy said to him in the hall five minutes later. And she hadn't even been in that study hall.

Steve wasn't about to admit he had jerked it to Billy Hargrove several dozen times. He'd considered there might be something wrong with him, not for fantasizing about a guy so much as fantasizing about a guy who'd beaten the shit out of him. But then, he'd been in some fights. He wasn't usually the one who started them, not being violently inclined, but he'd been kind of a douchebag on occasion

and that had gotten him in some scraps. And then the next day you had a cigarette with the guy and it was fine.

This didn't feel like that.

"What do you mean obsessed?" Steve muttered, shoving his books in his locker.

"I'm not sure." She frowned over her shoulder at Billy who was suddenly examining the algebra book in his hand. "Jonathan thinks he's gay."

"*What.*"

"It's just a theory," she said, and laughed. "He was high at the time."

Steve would've liked Jonathan to shut the hell up, but on the other hand, the theory made him have to carry his books in front of his crotch, so there was that. He thought about that theory for the rest the day and couldn't concentrate on anything. It was worse in gym when Billy came up behind him and Steve felt the puff of his breath in his ear and yet worse when Billy started playing even *more* aggressively than usual. Steve counted three flagrant body blocks and two hip checks before Coach Krug benched him for the rest of class. It was just in time too. Steve was wired up and sweaty and turned on *and* about to throw a punch. He paced the court, his hands on his hips, and glanced over at Billy who was *looking*. Just *looking*.

The game was barely over when Steve was already stalking into the locker room, tearing off his clothes, feeling pent up and pissed off. Billy had beaten him there. He was shirtless in his gym shorts, leaning on the lockers, leering.

"What's your fucking problem?" Steve said.

"I don't have a problem, Harrington," Billy said, and his eyes flick up and down Steve's body just once. He almost missed it.

Fuck.

Steve skipped the showers for fear of a wayward boner and went to Econ. sweaty and horny.

After school, Steve didn't feel any better and went back to the gym to take it out on a ball.

He was shooting hoops by himself for about five minutes before Billy showed up.

Billy didn't say anything so Steve ignored him. But Hargrove walked right up and stole the ball. Steve glared and watched him do a lay-up.

"What?" Steve said, for what felt like the hundredth time. "What the fuck? You want to go again? Is that it? 'Cause I don't see any plates in here you can crack over my head, asshole."

Billy threw back his head and laughed as he dribbled. "You think that's why you lost?"

"I dunno, let's find out." Steve ran up and shoved the ball out of Billy's hands. He got up in Billy's face, glaring, and pushed him. "Let's end this! If that's what it is! C'mon, asshole!" He shoved Billy again and Billy caught his wrist.

"I don't wanna fight you, Harrington." Billy yanked him closer and Steve felt himself leaning into it and pulling away at the same time, his brain scrambled.

"Then what do you want," Steve hissed.

Billy clutched at his shirt, grit his teeth. "What do *you* want?" He looked Steve up and down again.

Steve inwardly said a prayer to the gods of earths and demogorgons and yanked Billy forward by his collar and kissed him. He felt Billy smile and then he snorted a laugh, pulling away.

"No." Billy shook his head and Steve felt a moment of blind panic before Billy managed to sweep the leg, Johnny, and suddenly Steve was on his back. "Not that," Billy said. He straddled Steve and bowed his head, his lips hovering too close, too teasing. Steve was wearing his shorts and Billy was in his jeans and when he ground down into him, Steve's fingers squeaked as he clawed at the shiny wooden gym floor. "*This.*"

“Yeah...” Steve whispered. He felt hands on his chest slicked with sweat and he bumped his head as it fell back. “Yeah...” He shut his eyes and a hand squeezed him through his shorts. “Yeah...”

Teeth raking his nipple. Billy’s hand was under his shorts, under the tight waistband of his briefs and then stroking, stroking... “OH fu...” He grabbed Billy by the back of his head and pulled him in for a kiss again. Billy allowed it this time and plunged his tongue into Steve’s mouth with abandon. It was the most obscene kiss Steve had ever been a part of and that was including the Sharon Rierson marshmallow incident of eighth grade. Steve kept him there, Billy sucking on his tongue as he came in his shorts, arching up off the floor and burning his elbows as he reared back, gasping.

Billy pulled away and grinned down at him, shaking his head. “Christ, Harrington. You look damn good when you get fucked.” With that he stood and whipped out his cigarettes, lighting up as Steve attempted to come to his senses again. “See ya around.”

Then he was gone.

It happened so fast that it didn’t feel real and Steve waited to wake up or realize a wayward syringe had met his neck.

The seventh time

Billy was an idiot, Steve decided. He knew what idiots were like because he felt like one about half the time. In the library, Billy was ostensibly studying across from him (he turned out to be a little more studious than Steve might have guessed), but under the table he was sharing with a Steve, his feet were doing something entirely different. He’d gone to the trouble of taking off a boot and now a socked foot was making it’s way up Steve’s leg.

The whole thing with Billy had become a habit that Steve couldn’t stop thinking about. It usually ended with Billy getting out of his

Camaro, laughing and lighting a cigarette, Steve debauched and catching his breath in the backseat. He hadn't even touched Billy's dick yet and that made him wonder. Didn't the guy *ever* want to come?

Steve couldn't necessarily complain. At least Billy had stopped body checking him all the time.

In a matter of speaking.

Billy's foot toed at Steve's dick and he sank down in his chair and whimpered a little.

"Cut it out," he said under his breath, eyes on his trig homework, which was starting to blur.

"You sure you want me too?" He saw Billy smile.

"Jesus..."

"Cream your pants for me, baby," Billy whispered, and he chuckled into his wrist. He was always saying shit like that, these almost affectionate things, and Steve felt stupid for even wondering if he meant them.

"You wanna go bowling or something?" Steve muttered, and he could feel just how red he got.

"*Bowling*." Billy looked at him in disbelief and laughed so hard he had to stifle it with his palm. "Are you shitting me?"

Steve sat up in his chair and reached under the table to shove Billy's foot away. "People go bowling, douchebag." He wished it didn't sting.

Billy looked at him and his smirk fell for the barest second before he looked away. "Can't...do anything like that. Even if it wasn't the cheesiest shit I've ever heard. It's a small town."

"Two guys can't go bowling?" Steve snorted at that.

"Not if my old man finds out, they can't," Billy muttered and he

glowered at his textbook before bending down to put his boot back on.

“We could go somewhere out of town,” Steve said, and looked around the library to see that nobody was near enough to hear. Billy let out a little huff at that and Steve said, “What?”

“Harrington... I’m not Nancy Wheeler. Alright?”

Steve sneered at him and shook his head. “Jesus. Ya know... Forget I said anything. How ‘bout you go fuck yourself instead.” He went back to his work, angry, and he felt Billy’s eyes on him.

They didn’t speak for the rest of the day.

After school, Steve was still stewing but just as he was about to pull out, the Camaro came cruising up and Billy nodded at him, aviators masking his expression.

“Meet me in the woods off Kerley,” Billy said. “There’s a clearing you can park at.”

Steve put on his RayBans and shrugged. “Why the hell should I?”

“Don’t be a dick,” Billy said. “C’mon.”

The Camaro screamed away.

Steve took his sweet time getting to their meeting spot, not particularly inclined to please Billy. When he got there, after passing the the not-really-a-road entrance to the woods three times, he found Billy sitting on the hood of his car smoking and drinking a beer. Aerosmith was playing from the radio.

Steve parked and got out and stood by the Camaro, at a complete loss. The sun was just setting and the light through the trees made Billy’s hair glimmer in orange and amber.

“Well?” Steve said.

“Well?” Billy tossed him a beer. “Didn’t you want to hang out or something?”

Steve cracked a smile and scratched his head. He popped open his beer and took a long sip and leaned next to Billy.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Billy said.

“Like what?”

“With the fuckin’...” Billy made a vague gesture at his face. “The doe eyes.”

Steve raised his eyebrows and said, “Doe eyes.”

“Shut up,” Billy said, but he was grinning.

Steve sat on hood next to him and sipped his beer. “Have you ever even been bowling?”

Billy blurted a laugh and said, “I’m not wearing those stupid shoes.”

“I’m gonna take you bowling,” Steve said and smiled into his beer. “Not in Hawkins.”

“*Why?*” Billy said.

“Because you’d suck at it, it’d be hilarious.”

Billy laughed and punched his shoulder. “Asshole.”

“Such a sweet talker, Hargrove.”

“Oh?” Billy stood and turned to face Steve and leaned in with bedroom eyes. “You want a sweet talker?” He spoke in a low voice that went straight to Steve’s dick. “I know how you like to be romanced. Like all the ladies do.”

Steve’s lips twitched and he said. “You’re full of shit.”

“Yeah,” Billy said tittering. He stubbed out his cigarette and sipped his beer. “Um. I’m sorry. About before, what I said about not being Wheeler... Sorry.”

Steve just stared at him.

“That’s what you’re apologizing for?”

Billy looked genuinely confused for a second and he rolled his eyes.
“Goddammit.”

“You’re weird as hell, you know that.”

Billy licked his lips and looked like he was working up his nerve to say something and then, with no warning, he leaned in and kissed Steve, not like he usually did all aggressive and dirty but near to sweet, and Steve felt how soft his lips really were for the first time. Billy ducked his head then and sipped his beer, looking away at the trees as Steve watched him.

“Come here.” Steve set their beers on the hood and took fistfuls of Billy shirt and pulled him forward and kissed him again and Billy let him take the reins and wrap his arms around him as he stood and tasted Billy’s tongue and the little bit of stubble under his bottom lip and the feel of the muscles in his back under Steve’s palms. When he pulled away Billy looked entirely different, his mouth parted as he breathed, his eyes lost and pleading, and Steve reached up to run his thumb along his wet mouth. “God...” He walked Billy backward to a tree and pushed his jacket off his shoulders, letting it drop to the ground.

“We have to be...” Billy was muttering. “We have to be care...careful, with this thing, okay, because...”

“Okay...” Steve sucked at his neck and pressed his hands to the muscles of Billy’s stomach. “I can be careful,” Steve whispered and pressed into Billy and bit his ear.

“Steve... Christ...”

Steve grappled with Billy’s fly and Billy melted against the tree when Steve touched him. His mouth fell open when Steve dropped to his knees.

“Oh fuck, do you even know what you’re doing?”

“Not really...” Steve held Billy’s dick in his hand and felt it swell hot in his palm and tongue kissed it, his ears perking up when Billy moaned and muttered obscenities. He tested it, licking it as it leaked and pulled Billy’s jeans down further, pressing his thumbs into the v of his hips.

“Harrington...c’mon c’mon...”

“You want your dick in my mouth? Tell me how much.” Steve whispered. Billy answered with an incoherent mumble. Steve wasn’t usually one to talk this way in the bedroom (or in the woods). Girls liked Nice Steve even when he hadn’t particularly been a genuinely Nice Steve.

He licked at Billy. He was so hard he was aching, the sight of Billy with suddenly sweet soft eyes as he crumbled for Steve driving him over the edge. He stroked Billy’s base and fondled his balls a little and abruptly took him in his mouth *too* far so that he started to choke and laid off a little, taking care with the teeth...

He hummed and curled his tongue and Billy’s knees started to give, and the thought that Steve could do this made his mind buzz and he held Billy, tightening the grip on his hips as he sucked him off until he was choking again as Billy cried out and sank to a squat, his jeans loose around his hips, his hands in Steve’s hair even as he trembled through his orgasm. Steve pushed him down to the ground and undid his own fly, taking his dick out if only for that much release. He looked down at Billy, flushed and red lipped, his hair splayed around him in the leaves and dirt and stroked himself and Billy watched him, still breathless, blue eyes big as he stared up at Steve, astonished. Steve pressed his thumb to Billy’s open mouth and stroked harder, impatiently close until he finally gasped, spilling on to Billy who bit his thumb and reached up to grab his wrist, squeezing as Steve came on his chest.

“Christ...” Steve collapsed onto of him and felt a hand in his thick sweaty hair.

“I guess...” Billy spoke, his voice cracked and raw. “Guess bowling isn’t so bad..”

The fifteenth time

Steve and Billy were *dating*.

After the first couple real dates Steve found himself staring into the bathroom mirror as if looking for answers and muttering: “I am dating Billy Hargrove.”

The thing was, they had *fun* together and Steve couldn’t totally explain it. He had relatively few complaints, except that Billy was utterly terrified of his father finding out and so acted a little more obnoxious than he needed to towards Steve at school as if to cover. At this point he found it by turns amusing and irritating. But he could see how genuinely fearful Billy was so he didn’t bring it up.

The last time Steve had spoken to Max, she’d been in a kind of daze and told Steve how *nice* Billy was being. They’d been at silent odds at first after Lucas and the Byers and the fight. Now Billy was giving her extra quarters for the arcade and he always waited for her to come get her ride home even if she was absurdly late because of some “important party business.” Apparently he’d taken Max and Lucas out for pizza. It made Steve’s head spin. He started to wonder if he was a good influence. But it didn’t seem very likely. He really didn’t feel like anything that could be considered a good influence lately. He supposed he was a good influence when he driving The Party around Hawkins and helping Dustin build cat furniture for Mews the Second, but the rest of the time he mainly wanted to make Billy Hargrove beg for it until they were wrecked and dripping with sweat and unwilling to move and that did not seem very wholesome to Steve.

On a Saturday afternoon he had to put Billy off because Nancy had been bugging him to hang out with her and Jonathan. Steve realized

he was annoyed by this not because of the relationship history but because Billy couldn't possibly go and they hadn't been alone together in days. Nancy told him to have lunch with them at the diner and Steve wondered how quickly he could have grilled cheese and make with the pleasantries before meeting Billy somewhere except that they hadn't made plans to meet and he'd told Steve *never* to come by the house.

It put him in a bad mood.

Steve didn't try to hide that he was cranky as he sat across from Nancy and Jonathan, his lips pursed as he leaned on his hand and fidgeted with a plastic tub of creamer.

Jonathan and Nancy were talking about wanting to go on a trip once they both graduated.

"Steve!" Nancy said.

"Huh?" Steve looked up.

"I was saying your name..." Nancy said, and exchanged a look with Jonathan.

"Oh." Steve shrugged at her. "What?"

"Are you going to go anywhere after graduation?"

"Um..." He heard the jangle of the diner door's bell and glanced over to see Billy swaggering into the diner. He smiled when he caught Steve's eye and winked as he approached. "Um..."

"Well, well, well," Billy said, and sidled up to the counter. "Byers, Wheeler, and the King of Hawkins."

Jonathan and Nancy looked both bemused and braced for confrontation, but Billy hadn't had any run-ins with either of them and they had no reason to reflexively tell Billy Hargrove to fuck off.

Steve, on the other hand...

"Get lost, Hargrove," Steve said, as if reciting a rehearsed line for the

millionth time.

"That's not very friendly," Billy said, and knocked on the counter. He edged a little closer and nudged Steve with his hip where Nancy and Jonathan wouldn't see. They locked eyes and Steve started to slip and smile. He bit his lip. "What're we doin' today, kids?" Billy said, still only looking at Steve. "Harrington's balls finally drop? We celebrating?"

Steve valiantly stifled the laugh that threatened to burst out of him at that and Nancy saved him saying, "Do you *need* something, Billy?"

Billy's eyes went wide and innocent at Nancy and he pressed a hand to his chest. "Who, me? Not at all. Just..." He turned back to Steve. "Felt like saying hello to some of the good Christian young people of Hawkins. Guy gets lonely..." Nancy and Jonathan couldn't see the way he looked at Steve then, his expression open, needing...

Oh...

Jonathan said, "So you're just being a douchebag for no reason."

"I don't have time for your bullshit, Hargrove," Steve said quickly, and he drummed his fingers on the table, covertly sneaking one over to tap Billy's hand once, twice. "Gotta go *home* after this, study, be a productive member of society. Not that you'd know anything about that."

Billy nodded slightly. "Well, don't let me stop you." He raised his hands and took a step back and spun on his heel, sighing heavily as he sat at the counter and shouted at a waitress for a menu.

"The hell is his problem?" Nancy said.

"Just...being Hargrove," Steve muttered, but he watched Billy out of the corner of his eye. Billy didn't order anything; he just sat, fidgeting.

Steve focussed and maintained a conversation, only glancing over every once in awhile, but he didn't miss the moment Billy looked straight at him and then got to his feet and blew out of the place. Steve clenched his fist under the table, wanting to follow.

He waited a full minute before he made excuses to Jonathan and Nancy and left. He spotted the Camaro parked down in front of Melvald's and he took his time walking to his car, watching Billy sitting quietly in the Camaro though Steve couldn't make out his expression.

He peeled out and drove home, trusting that Billy would follow.

They'd done this before.

Steve left the doors unlocked and in his room he waited and fussed with his hair and smoked a cigarette before Billy showed up, hovering in the hall.

"Hey." Steve rose from the bed and laughed softly, going to meet him. "What're you doin'? Come in."

He tugged Billy into the room by the cuff of his leather jacket and Billy let himself be led, seeming quiet and maybe distraught. "You alright? Seem upset."

"Not *upset*, Harrington," Billy said with a weak attempt at bluster. "Don't get so excited."

"No," Steve said, and pressed his fingers to Billy's lips. "Don't."

Billy sighed and said, "Wanted to see you." He tipped his head to brush his lips along Steve's hand.

Steve kissed his cheek and the corner of his jaw. "Missed me."

"Yeah..." Billy kissed his mouth softly, reach up to pull at the sleeves of Steve's shirt. "Yeah."

"I'm right here," Steve whispered. "I'm right here, baby."

"Wanted to sit with you before," Billy murmured as Steve peeled off his jacket for him. "Tired of being afraid of this shit..."

"I know you are." He kissed Billy's collar bone and went about unbuttoning the few done buttons of his shirt and pushed it off his shoulders. "When we graduate we can do whatever we want. Go

anywhere.” He took off own his shirt and Billy looked at him the way he always look at him now when they were alone and bare, like a priest seeing some holy relic.

“Right,” Billy said. “Like you won’t dump my ass the second we graduate-”

“Hey.” Steve kissed him again. “Told you, I’m right here. Not goin’ anywhere without you.”

“Steve...”

“I’m not lying,” Steve said, and reached up cradle Billy’s face between his palms. “Not lying, baby. Believe me?”

Billy’s eyelashes fluttered and he nodded and Steve tugged him along to bed and lay him down.

The first time Steve had made love to him, Billy had just stared up at him the whole time with his big baby blues, breathing, clutching him, pulling him closer. Steve had lost his mind in the pleasure of it but for Billy he could tell it had been some kind of epiphany.

Now Steve was inside him, Billy legs wrapped around him and Steve’s hair fell over his eyes as he leaned down to kiss his lover, and he felt Billy tremble, his hands coming up to squeeze Steve’s arms.

“You think I could let this go?” Steve whispered, and he dropped his head, breathless, grazing his teeth along a nipple. “I want you...all the time... I want you... all of you...”

“Steve...” Billy tipped his head back, his mouth wide open and Steve licked his throat and held on, a little longer, a little longer, making it good, as hard as it was not to fall apart when he felt how Billy loved being taken like this.. “I need you...”

“Right here...”

“Yeah...”

“You’re all mine,” Steve muttered, and thrust into him again, felt it coming coming and clutched Billy’s thighs, heard Billy moan as Steve

dug his fingers into the muscle there. “All mine, baby...”

Steve still had trouble not going a little crazy at the end and now he pulled at Billy’s hair and went deeper, deeper, and shouted “fuck” as he came, Billy’s hands everywhere, the heat and light in his body and his head...

In the afterglow Billy curled up beside him, doodling on Steve’s chest with his finger.

“Do you hate it when I’m on your case at school?” Billy said. “I won’t do it anymore if you hate it.”

“Sometimes.” Steve said. “I just pretend it means you’re telling me you love me.”

Billy laughed into his skin. “Harrington, you dummy. That’s exactly what it means.”

Author's Note:

Had an epiphany on Discord that my thing is Billy gradually becoming more intimate and Steve gradually becoming more passionate. So that's what I was trying to go for. Hope it worked!